

## **Heightened Emotions by Eyes\_That\_Light\_Up**

**Category:** Stranger Things - Fandom

**Genre:** M/M, angst, but fluffy at the end, my first fic on here

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**Relationships:** Byeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Will and Mike have a small confrontation

## Heightened Emotions

### Author's Note:

This is my first fic on this site ever and, although I've been a fan since the beginning, I've never delved into writing any Stranger Things fanfiction before >o<. So, I hope you enjoy!

Will took slow steps which only got slower and slower as his anger intensified, finally reaching boiling point as he took his final step, alerting his companion of his decease with the silence of the crunching snow.

Nostrils flared, sharp eyes and with a well armed tongue, Will said, "I can't handle it anymore."

Silence. Just absolute silence, in a world so frequently full of constant noise, there was silence. Will laughed in disbelief, but the clear grief in his voice was heart wrenching. For one so young, he suddenly sounded so old, mature, wise, marked by his experiences.

The silence broken, "If it's not Mom, it's Jonathan, or my teachers, or you, or Dustin, Lucas, Steve, Max - can't everyone just stop pretending like they give a damn!" Will's voice was shaking, but he wasn't stopping here, "I went missing, and none of my 'friends' cared, you were all too busy running off with your new girlfriend!"

"Will-"

"None of you cared!" He screamed at Mike, essentuating each word slowly, but also with his eyes, his clenched fists, his hot tears that were spilling down his cheeks pale from the bitter wind. Mike being

Mike began to reciprocate the clenched teeth and fists and took an almost threatening step towards his best friend. "You don't know anything Will. You weren't even there ! You didn't see us cry when you got pulled out of that quarry, you didn't see us exhaust El just to get contact with you using the radios. We wanted you back!"

Will's lip trembled and he could feel his moment of bravado slipping through his fingers the longer he made eye contact with the boy in

front of him, shaking his head, "no Mike, you just wanted to play the hero like always, wanting to show off for the new girl, I get i-"

And just like that Mike was directly in front of him, usually cool brown eyes burning down at him with the intensity of fire, large hands roughly grabbing his slim shoulders and his back suddenly met the wall that he hadn't been aware was behind him. One hand was removed from his shoulder and was placed next to his head non to gently on the cold, frost covered wall, the other continued to pin him down, or perhaps in Will's mind, was grounding him. Mike always was his rock, the only thing holding him up. The irony stung. "Really, Will, that's really what you think huh?" Mike raised his eyebrows, "because you have any fucking right to analyse my feelings," he shouted, "because you even think you can."

Will was mildly aware of the puffs of condensing breath brushing his lips, more aware so than he was of his friend's anger.

"I know how you feel," Will said through his burning tears, looking up into the face of the boy of his dreams but seeing nothing but the brunette who loved eggos and friendship and deserved Mike so much more than he did because she was right, they were right for society. Will was an outcast, a disgusting mistake.

"Lonnlie, that's our boy! He's sensitive, he's."

"Do you know?" Mike's voice was playful, but his eyes were so serious, so penetrating. Will was frozen. Will was very aware of Mike and somewhere, at the back of his already corrupted and battered brain, felt a voice whisper how Mike's sweater had a loose thread and his hair was curling up in the back from the snowball he'd thrown earlier, and his lips were so red yet soft from the cold. "Well, let's see how much you know."

Mike's voice had gotten closer during that last sentence and Will could barely comprehend Mike's head dipping to his level and his lips crushing his lips because everywhere was filled with Mike, and he was engulfed and completely surrounded by Mike.

Mike's scent filled his nostrils and it was almost like the time he'd stood up to the Mind Flayer, only he felt protected and warm.

Will's eyes immediately softened and glazed over. The hands gripping

Mike's jacket that he hadn't even known were there only tightened. And one of Mike's hands moved to Will's chin, to angle his face to deepen the kiss but also to anchor Will, not that Will was going anywhere.

Every whimper Will emitted was swallowed by Mike, and all of Mike's well hidden love and desire was all conveyed over to Will with each smack of their parting lips (with Mike always the one to rush back in the quickest, the most desperate) and the beating of his heart which Will could feel so clearly as they were so close together; Will found with increasing difficulty distinguishing what belonged to who in his delierious state.

Mike pulled away, pressing their foreheads together, Will could feel Mike's breath puffing against his lips, and when he quickly glanced back down he could see just how swollen Mike's lips were. "So, were you close?"

Will blinked and stared at Mike dreamily, dazedly, and shook his head absentmindedly. Liking the effect he had on the smaller boy, Mike smirked, and tilted his head for another kiss.